

Lines,
Suggested by a Lecture-room talk, Feb. 1st, 1877.

A beautiful picture is imaged,
In Jesus' word divine;
Where in talking with His disciples,
He calloth Himself the Vine.
"The true vine I am" in God's kingdom,
And "ye are the branches I bear";
And the leaves, and twigs, and branchlets
Are all in my Father's care.

In nature the branch life is nourished
By the juices rich that spring
Pulsing upward and on thro' the branchlets,
From the warm heart within;
Then the sunshine and dew from heaven,
Are gathered up by the leaves,
And are carried back thro' the channel,
Which all new supplies receives.

Retaining its beauty and freshness,
Long as it clings to the vine,
Each leaflet is filling its mission,
Like the tendrils that twist and twine.
Symmetrical blending of forces,
All making one perfect plan;
Depending on one and each other,
Symbol of Jesus and man!

I felt very small in God's kingdom,—
The merest tit of a leaf—
And I said that my branch was broken
With the burden of a grief.
In this picture is my reproval,
And one thing I feel and know—
If I cling to the Vine, my Saviour,
I shall live, and living—grow

V. B.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

In the autumn of 1817, while the woods were bright with the variegated hues which follow the light touches of early frost, a mountain traveler was pursuing his way through a dark, broad, lonely forest, in the western part of New York. He had ridden three miles since seeing a human habitation, and he had two to go before he could get sight of another. He was descending a hill down into a gloomy looking valley, through which flowed a shallow, but swift running stream; and on reaching the water he permitted his thirsty beast to stop and drink.

At that moment a man came out from a cluster of bushes into the road, or horse path, on the other side of the stream. This man was dressed like a hunter, and carried a rifle on his shoulder. In his appearance there was nothing that indicated hostility or wicked design. He was of medium size, compactly built, with intellectual features, and a certain air of gentility—something rather as one abroad from some settlement for a day's sport than a professional hunter. All this the mountain traveler carefully noted as he crossed the stream to continue his journey, and when they came together a pleasant salutation was exchanged.

"Fine weather for traveling, sir," replied the man with the gun.

"And for hunting, also, I should suppose," smiled the other, on the horse.

"Yes, there is game enough," returned the other, "but I am not a good hunter, and can only show one bear for my day's work so far, and that is almost useless to me, because I have no means to take it away. I would willingly pay a dollar for the use of a horse like yours for a couple of hours. If you could spare five minutes or so I would like you to see the bear, it is only back behind the bushes, some two hundred yards from here."

"I will not only look at it," replied the traveler, dismounting and fastening his horse, "but if not too heavy, I will take it along for you, seeing I am going that way."

The hunter thanked him in a most cordial manner, and then, as if to make himself agreeable and keeping up the conversation, inquired where the other was from, whither journeying, etc., and learned in reply that the latter resided in Albany, was a merchant in good business, and was traveling partly for his health and partly with a view of making an extensive land purchase for future speculation.

"Well, here we are," exclaimed the hunter, as the two emerged from the dense thicket, through which they had slowly forced their way into the open wood; "and now I will show you as fine and fat a beast as you ever saw. Observe where I point with my rifle."

He stepped back some eight or ten feet, deliberately raised the piece to his eye, and pointed the muzzle directly at the head of the traveler. There was a flash and a loud report, and the victim fell like a log, his face covered with blood.

This might or might not have been the first crime committed by the man with the rifle. But as the traveler fell the rifle slipped through his hands, and he shook violently from head to foot, yet he ran to his victim and hurriedly robbed him of his purse, pocket-book, a gold watch and chain, some curious seals, a diamond breastpin, and a diamond ring, which he fairly tore from his finger. Then he dragged the body into the thicket, picked up his rifle, and plunged madly through the bushes to the road, mounted the traveler's horse, and dashed away from the awful scene.

We must now suppose a lapse of twenty years.

In the spring of 1837 there lived in

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VI.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1877.

NUMBER 12.

the city of New York a banker and millionaire whom we shall call Stephen Edwards. He owned a palatial mansion, splendidly furnished, in the very heart of the town, and he and his wife were among the leaders of the fashionable world. They had a beautiful daughter, just turned to sweet sixteen, who was about to be married to a foreign nobleman and great preparations were making for the happy event.

One day about this period, as the great banker was conversing with a gentleman from another city, who called to see him on business, he observed the latter to turn suddenly very pale and begin to tremble.

"My dear sir," he said, in his usual tone of off-hand sympathy, "what is the matter? Are you ill?"

"A little faint, sir, but nothing to cause alarm," replied the other hurriedly. "I am subject to similar spells. If you would be kind enough to excuse me for ten minutes or so, I will take a short walk and return in better condition."

In ten minutes he did return, reporting himself quite well, calmly proceeded to finish his business with the banker, and then respectfully took his leave.

It was perhaps a week after this, that one night the banker was sitting before the fire in his library, when a servant came in and presented him with a letter. He took it with a yawn, and opened it in the most indolent and indifferent manner possible; but he did not read a dozen words before he rose up with a start, turned pale, and trembled so that the paper rattled. He finished the note—for it was a note rather than a letter—worked one hand nervously at his throat and with the other clasped his forehead and temples. For a minute or two he seemed to be choking into calmness, by an iron will, some terrible emotions, and he so far succeeded as to address the waiting servant in an ordinary tone.

"James," he said, "who gave you this letter?"

"A man who said he would wait for an answer."

"Then I suppose he is waiting?"

"Yes, sir."

Soon there was a light tap on the door, and the banker said "come in," in an ordinary tone.

The servant opened the door, ushered in the stranger, and immediately withdrew. The latter was verging on sixty, of rough appearance and coarse attire. He wore an old gray overcoat, buttoned to the throat, a pair of green goggles, and his whole dress was saturated with rain.

"Take a seat," said the banker, pointing to a chair near the fire.

"No, thank you, I'll stand," was the gruff reply. "You got my letter, and of course you know my business," he added.

"You allude to this, I suppose," returned the banker, producing the letter that had caused him so much perturbation.

"Yes."

"I do not understand it; you must have made a mistake."

"No; no mistake at all. I was present twenty years ago, come the 10th of October, and saw you, Stephen Edwards shoot the man, and if you go to deny it I'll have you in prison before morning. I have laid my plans, and got everything sure, and if you go to play innocent and refusing my terms, I'll take care to see that you die stretching hemp."

"What do you want?" he groaned.

"A hundred thousand dollars—not one cent less."

"I can not give it—it would ruin me."

"Just as you say," rejoined the other, moving toward the door. "You know what will follow if I go this way."

"Oh stay; you must not go yet," cried the man of crime in terrible alarm.

He argued, urged, pleaded, implored for mercy at a fearful cost. In vain. At last the banker—seeing ruin, disgrace and death before him if he refused—agreed to the terms. He also agreed to meet the stranger, with the required sum, on the following night in front of St. Paul's Church. Both were punctual to the time, and bills and checks to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars changed hands.

A month later there was a tremendous run upon the bank of which Stephen Edwards was the principal owner. It was soon broken and closed. Then the sheriff was set to work by eager creditors, and all the real estate and property of

the late millionaire was seized and sold, leaving him a beggar and the just claims unsatisfied. Fashionable friends deserted the family, and the proud nobleman refused the hand of a ruined banker's daughter.

In the midst of the disgrace and tribulation, Stephen Edwards encountered the man who turned so pale and so agitated in his presence a short time before.

"I rather think you do not know me, sir," said the gentleman, with a formal bow.

"Your face seems somewhat familiar, but yet I cannot place you," returned Edwards.

"Permit me to bring myself to your recollection, then, as I wish you to know me. A little more than six weeks ago I was talking to you on business, and you observed that I turned deadly pale, and became agitated?"

"Ah, yes; I remember you now."

"Let me tell you why I was affected. My eyes had just chanced upon a curious watch seal which had belonged to a merchant named Phillip Sydney, who was shot in the western part of the State some twenty years ago, and looking at your features closely, I knew you to be the villain who perpetrated the foul deed."

"Merciful God!" exclaimed the banker, with a blanched face and quaking form.

"Yes, I knew you," pursued the other, "and a week later I disguised myself and had an interview with you in your mansion. You remember that of course?"

"But," gasped the trembling wretch, "did I not pay you your own price to keep my fatal secret?"

"Yes, and with that very money and with what else I could command I was enabled to buy up enough of your own bills to make that run upon your bank which broke it and forced ruin upon you."

"And what would you, now that I am ruined?" inquired the other, with the deadly calmness of desperation.

"Now that I have my revenge, I want you to know that I myself am the man you attempted to murder and did rob. I am Phillip Sydney. Behold the scar where the ball struck and glanced," and he lifted his hat and showed it.

"God be praised!" ejaculated the other. "God be praised that you are still living!" and unable to restrain his emotion he burst into tears. "Oh, sir," he continued, "you have taken a load off my conscience—a weight from my soul. Though poverty, beggary, disgrace, and death are staring me in the face, I am happy in the knowledge that I am not guilty of murder—happier than I have been for twenty years, with all the luxurious surroundings of wealth. It was my first and last crime. And I have never been able to tell how I was tempted on that fearful occasion. Now, sir, do with me as you will—only, I pray you, be merciful with my innocent family."

"I forgive you," returned the other, extending his hand. "I forgive you. You have been fearfully punished already. And as God has seen fit to preserve us together, let us hope it is for our salvation, and let us endeavor so to live as to deserve the blessings we receive. I will restore you enough to place you and your family above want, and for the rest I trust we shall soon have to render an account of our stewardship in another world."

Phillip Sydney kept his word, and with a fresh start in the world, and an easy conscience, the still enterprising Stephen Edwards accumulated another respectable fortune, much of which he spent in charity.

Phillip Sydney died in 1848, and Stephen Edwards in 1851.

Is not truth indeed strange—stranger than fiction?

In a recent lecture (one of a series) on the habits of ants, the scientific English banker, Sir John Lubbock, said that even after a year's separation ants recognize each other, and old companions are amicably received, whereas strangers, even when introduced in the mixed company of old friends, have a bad time. Slavery in certain kinds is a positive institution, the Amazon breed having slaves to clean and feed them. Rather than be at the trouble to do so themselves they will die, though food be close by. They allow a curious blind woodlouse room, but as a kind of scavenger, and not from hospitable motives.

Advice in Regard to the Eyes.

The more you avoid glaring and glancing lights in the rooms you habitually sit in, the better. Therefore—although the following advice is certain to meet with no attention from the great majority—it is our laughingly painful duty to recommend ladies to have as few mirrors and other looking-glasses, gilt picture-frames and moldings, bright-colored curtains and highly polished furniture in their drawing-rooms as possible; and what they must have should be so placed as not to allow bright lights to be thrown upon them. Highly colored curtains are additionally injurious when the windows are open, so that various brilliant and dazzling colors are flung about the room by the incoming breeze. A very bright carpet is an injurious thing, and when combined with a brightly-painted ceiling, madness. These things may be a merry life for the eyes, but they are a short one. A rich-patterned, sober-toned carpet, and a soft sky-gray or stone-colored ceiling, are my own private fancy. The almost invariable whitewash of the British ceiling would be a constant injury but for the grave fact that the British isles are not overburdened with sunlight. But whether reading, writing or working in any other way, it should always be done with an oblique light, and never with a horizontal light.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

The Sun's Energy.

With reference to the energy of the sun, Professor Tait, of Edinburgh University, says: "But even when we have arrived at the conclusion that we have to thank the sun for all our food, we are not at the end of our inquiry. The sun's energy has a source. It used to be thought that the sun was a huge fire, but from the progress made by modern chemical knowledge, we are able to say that a fire of the dimensions of the sun, 400,000 miles in radius, even if it had consisted of the very best materials for giving out heat, would only have supplied us with the amount of energy at present radiated for 5,000 years. But if, on the other hand, we suppose a mass of combustibles to be let fall upon the sun from the distance of our earth, the attraction of the sun would give it so large an amount of kinetic energy when it reached the sun's surface as to cause an impact which would represent 6,000 times the amount of energy which could be produced by its mere burning."

To Drive Away Rats.

A lady writer in a recent New York journal, discourses in the following style concerning her treatment of rats and mice: "We cleaned our premises of these detestable vermin by making a white-wash yellow with copperas, and covering the stones and rafters with a thick coating of it. In every crevice or where a rat might tread, we put crystals of the copperas, and scattered the same in the corners of the floor. The result was a perfect stampede of rats and mice. Since that time not a footfall of either rat or mouse has been heard about the house. Every spring a coat of the yellow wash is given to the cellar, as a purifier as well as a rat exterminator, and no typhoid, dysentery, or fever attacks the family. Many persons deliberately attract all the rats in the neighborhood by leaving fruits and vegetables uncovered in the cellar; and sometimes even the soup scraps are left open for their regalement. Cover up everything eatable in the cellar, and pantry and you will soon starve them out. These precautions joined to the services of a good cat, will prove as good a rat exterminator as the chemist can provide. We would never allow rats to be poisoned in our dwelling; they are apt to die in the wall and produce much annoyance."

The editor of the Kansas Farmer states that he has taken all sorts of things in the way of subscriptions, and that now a man offers him an owl for six months of his paper. The editor says that if he can find any fellow who is out of owl, and needs one, he'll do it.

Girls, don't be afraid to work. Ruth gleaned in the harvest field and got just as good a Boaz as any girl in the neighborhood.

The Unfashionable Bonnet.

One day, about fifty years ago, when John Quincy Adams was President of the United States, an excellent and cultivated lady, journeying in her carriage, stopped at a hotel in Batavia, Western New York. She was plainly dressed, and one not knowing her, or unacquainted with her accomplishments and rare social graces, might have judged her to be quite an ordinary sort of person. In those times, as now, the kind of critics who estimate people entirely according to the clothes they have on, were sufficiently numerous, and it appears that several of them were stopping that day at the same hotel.

It was noon, and the guests were already dining, and having little time to make an elegant toilet, if she had been so disposed, the lady placed her bonnet on the parlor table and went in to dinner. When she returned, she found the parlor occupied by a merry wedding party, who had seized upon her bonnet, and in all the abandon of frolicsome mirth were making game of it. One young beau of the party poised it on the point of his cane, and played mock auctioneer.

"What do I hear, ladies, how much for this rare and beautiful *carlotte a la princesse*, only a month from Paris, and positively the newest mode, fifty francs; give me seventy-five, seventy five; going and who takes it at seventy-five; going, going, going"—and of course the bidding on the part of the rest was quite lively enough to carry out the farce.

The lady stood a minute, waiting, with a good-natured smile. Presently she said quietly to the young man, "I'll take the bonnet off your hands, if you can not get a satisfactory offer for it. The auctioneer thereupon tossed the article to her with a lofty stare and a stiff bow, and coolly putting it on her head, the lady entered her carriage and rode away. The young people had had their fun, and thought no more of it, though some of them, noticing a superior dignity in the owner of the unfashionable bonnet, went so far as to wonder who "that woman" was.

Next day the same wedding party, on their way to Niagara Falls, stopped at Black Rock to pay their respects to Gen. Porter, United States Secretary of War, and were invited to dine with him at his house. When Mrs. Porter, the lady of the mansion, came forward to welcome them, they stood aghast. "That woman," whose bonnet they had made game of was the wife of one of President Adams' cabinet ministers.

Fancy how Mrs. Porter's splendid hospitality heaped coals of fire on their heads—and especially on the head of the young man who played auctioneer at the Batavia hotel.—*The Watchman.*

A remarkable suicide, an insane sacrifice to science, took place in Dundee, Canada, a few days ago. George C. Wheeler, a young man of twenty-two years, a chemist and a hard student, lived by himself, working in a small laboratory by day and watching the stars by night through a telescope. About six months ago he was seized with a hallucination that he had succeeded in making a preparation which, when scattered on a dead person, would restore life. To test his invention, he committed suicide by means of a horrible infernal machine, a combination of knives, scythes and an axe head. He left a letter directing that a small quantity of his "creative, all changeable material assistant," should be sprinkled over his remains, when, he expected the elements would resolve themselves into a new combination, and he would appear a living evidence of the truth of the new discovery.

A way to ride free of cost on railroads: Write a letter saying that you are a conductor on a railroad in some remote part of the country, sign the name of the Superintendent of the company to it, and add a request that you may be courteously treated. Such a document will take you over almost any route. A fellow who tried it has only just been exposed in Baltimore, after traveling for several years.

A young lady who had no time to spare in making garments for the poor has been engaged three weeks embroidering a blanket for her poodle dog.

GOSSIP FROM NEW YORK.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

New York, Mar. 13, 1877.

Camille is dead! Long live Camille. Yesterday saw the burial from the "Little Church Around the Corner," of the woman whose name has been so long identified with the consumptive heroine of Dumas' novel. Yet for all the peculiar rendering of the part by Miss Heron, she never raised it above a certain heaviness and grossness, which, though it dazzled many in her early days, still was not even a fair rendering of the character as conceived by Dumas. There was a poetic beauty and pathos in Marie Duplessis, which Matilda Heron, in her rather heavy rendering, never attained; therefore, although the woman who really gave Camille to the public, is dead, she has left behind her in the person of Clara Morris, a woman who has idealized the heroine, and who portrays it with all the pre-Raphaelistic manner, which makes Miss Morris as perfect a representative of dramatic art, in that school, as Millais or Holman Hunt are in their special and peculiar treatment of life on canvas.

So, although many have sympathized with the dead actress, still, one cannot feel that the "Dame aux Camellias" is dead, or, if she is, that there has arisen in her place, a truer, more poetical, purer idealization of the character, than the strong, robust, but slightly tainted impersonation of Miss Heron. In witnessing her "Camille" one could not help but feel that "the trail of the serpent was over it all."

Miss Morris produces a far different feeling, and the sin is lost in warmest sympathy and pity for the sinner.

The poor woman has gone to her long home, however, while coffin and shroud literally were almost hidden by spotless camellias. A fortune was brought as tribute to the grave of one who had in life sometimes wanted bread. Her daughter, "Bijou," has all the elements of an actress, and may be greater than her mother. Her playing in "Monsieur Alphonse" and again in "Miss Merton," has shown that she is thoroughly acquainted with stage business, and also that she has talent and probably genius. She will find many friends both in and out of the profession, and although just now at the awkward age when girlhood is about closing and womanhood not yet taking its place, she does not appear to very good advantage, that is a matter she will surely outgrow.

Of course you have heard before this, how near we came to having another fearful catastrophe, last week, in the panic of St. Francis Xavier's Church. It is generally known here as the Jesuit's Church, and as the preaching is usually exceeding good, it attracts great crowds, among whom are to be found many Protestants, as well as the faithful. The fainting of a woman, a child's cry of "Fire," produced a panic, with the result of seven killed and many injured. But had it really been fire that had caused the alarm, with its volumes of smoke to blind and suffocate, the Brooklyn holocaust would have sunk into insignificance in comparison to the loss of life that must have occurred. From the closely packed galleries, egress was only obtainable as it is in most of our churches, by a narrow, winding staircase. Those in front are crowded by those behind, until some one is sure to fall, and down then they go like a pile of bricks, until a wedge occurs and nothing can save them.

Our theatres have been pretty well overhauled, but this will draw attention to our churches. Certainly, aside from those belonging to the Catholic, there is little danger, because the others are rarely over full. Beecher's, and occasionally Talmadge's are exceptions, but the scattering few in the galleries, and even in many instances on the ground floor of those of other denominations, makes any fear of loss of life from panic in these cases, very slight.

Of all Frank Leslie's numerous publications—and there seems to be scarcely any field of literature which he has not entered upon, none has found a wider success than the *Sunday Magazine*, under the management of Dr. Deems. It filled a want felt by many a church member, who, somewhat wearied of sermons, is glad to find that he has something interesting which he may legitimately in-

terest in. Mr. Leslie has been a venturesome but a successful publisher.

All the musical world are at present on qui vive in regard to the representation of the music of the future. Wagner is to be ably represented here, and the Bayreuth festival is to be copied as closely as possible. Whether they are musicians or merely lovers of noise, it is certain that the American people like Wagner. Somebody says it is because they do not understand it in the least, and they are always loud in the praise of what they do not comprehend. More probably it is because they are a realistic race, and the flight of Walkyrie, while it is not music, certainly sounds like the sharp cutting of the air by swift wings in rapid flight.

Owing to the depression in stocks, it is now under consideration to roof over the New York Stock Exchange with blue glass, in the hopes of raising them to health and activity again. The blue glass is at the head now.

The Coming of the Birds.

The Rochester Union says that Mr. A. B. Lamberton, of that city, has kept a record of the arrival of birds for some years past. In 1872 the first robins were observed there March 28. Wild geese were going north March 29, and snipe were found April 17. That was a backward year. In 1873 robins came March 13th, sparrows 17th, blue birds 18th, pigeons 19th. Snipe and woodcock were found at Victor March 28th. In 1874 blue birds arrived March 18th, and snipe were shot March 21. In 1875 the first robins were seen March 11, and snipe were found April 7. It is found by ornithologists that the male song birds migrate north about a week before the hens, and when not disturbed in a nesting ground, will return to the same place for years. Evergreen swamps are the localities in which the birds are generally to be found first, as they are warmer than other regions, and there are some instances of robins remaining all winter in this latitude in dense swamps. Orioles and bobolinks are the last birds to arrive, and do not greet us with their song until about May 8.

The Devil An' Billy Bray's Tatars.

I was goin' to tell the story that I heard from dear old Billy Bray. He was preachin' about temptations, and this is what he said:

"Friends, last week I was a-diggin' up my tatars. It was a poor yield, sure 'nough; there was hardly a sound one in the lot. And while I was a-diggin' the devil come to me, and he says, 'Billy, do you think your Father do love you?'

"I should reckon he do," I says.

"Well, I don't," says the tempter in a minute.

"If I'd a-thought about it at all, I shouldn't a-listened to him, for his 'pinions he'n't worth the leastest bit o' notice."

"I don't," says he, 'and I'll tell 'ee what for; if your Father loved you, Billy Bray, he'd give you as pretty yield o' tatars, so much as ever you do want and ever so many on 'em, and every one on 'em as big as your fist. For it be'n't no trouble for your Father to do any-thing, and he could just as easy give you plenty as not. And if he loved you, he would, too.'

"O' course I wasn't goin' to let him talk o' my Father like that, so I turned round 'pon him: 'Pray, sir,' says I, 'who make you happen to be, comin' to me and talkin' like this here? If I be'n't mistaken, I know you, sir, and I know my Father, too. And to think o' your coupin' a-sayin' he don't love me! Why I've got your written character home to my house, and it do say, sir, that you be a liar from the beginnin'. And I'm sorry to aid, that I used to have a personal acquaintance with you some years since, and I served you faithful as ever any poor wretch could, and all you gave me was nothing but rags to my back, and a wretched home, and a sick head, and no tatars—and the fear o' hell to finish up with. And here's my dear Father in heaven; I've been a poor servant of his off and on, for thirty years. And he's given me a clean heart, and a soul full of joy, and a lovely suite o' white, as I'll never wear out; and he says that he'll take me home to his palace to reign with him for ever and ever. And now you come up here a-talkin' like that!'

"Bless'e, my dear friends, he went off as if he'd been shot—I do wish he had—and he never had the manners to say, 'Good morning.'—*Daniel Quorum.*

Books.—Except a living man there is nothing more wonderful than a book. A message to us from the dead—from human souls we never saw, who lived, perhaps, thousands of miles away. And yet these, in those little sheets of paper, speak to us, arouse us, teach us, comfort us, and open their hearts to us as brothers.

Sweets in adversity—a sugar in-house failure.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MAR. 22, 1877.

Specimen copy sent to any address on
receipt of five cents.

Religious Notices.

Rev. A. W. Mann will (D. V.) hold
church services as follows: In the chapel
of St. John's Church, Cincinnati, Ohio,
Sunday afternoon, April 8th. In the
evening Bishop Jagger will hold Con-
firmation services in the same church.
In Pittsburgh, Pa., Sunday afternoon,
April 15th, at some place which will be
designated in due time.

The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes.

The general work of this society has
various sub-divisions acting under the
ecclesiastical authorities of the Dioceses
with which they are connected. One of
the most important of these is St. Stephen's
Mission to Deaf-mutes in Philadel-
phia under the pastoral care of the Rev.
H. W. Sylve. On Sunday, the 18th inst.,
at 9 A. M., Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Rev.
Mr. Sylve officiated at a celebration of the
Holy Communion. About thirty deaf-mute
communicants were present. At
10:30 A. M., in a class of forty-four, seven
deaf-mutes were confirmed by Rt. Rev.
Bishop Stevens. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet in-
terpreting. At 2:30 P. M., the weekly
service was conducted by the two clergymen
referred to above, and at 4 P. M., in the
Sunday-school room, the Bible-class
met. This Mission has been blessed with
encouraging results.

The Little Ones' Surprise Party.

Mrs. Grace J. Chandler has a little
daughter (not a deaf-mute like her moth-
er), whose eleventh birthday occurred on
the 10th inst. Mrs. Chandler and her
boarder, Miss H. A. Avery, with both
of whom Miss Gussie is a special favor-
ite, desiring to accede to the wishes of
Gussie's mates to make the above date a
pleasant occasion, seconded by the wishes
of Miss Mary Tripp, her governess, set
themselves in array for a surprise. A
Sunday-school mate was dispatched with
invitations to summon little girls and
boys respectively, requesting them to be
at the house of Mrs. Chandler on the
evening of the aforesaid date, for the
purpose of enjoying themselves generally,
and with the object in view of con-
gratulating Gussie in particular. Each
invited little girl was told to bring some-
thing good to eat in quantity sufficient
for herself and some one else, and intact
secrecy was enjoined upon all. Certain
preparations were necessary to be made
on the day preceding the evening of the
birthday. With a view to the better de-
velopment of farther plans, Gussie was
informed that she might spend the day
with Miss Dutcher, a neighbor, which
privilege she accepted with great plea-
sure. Towards evening she was enjoying
her visit so well that she expressed a de-
sire to spend the night there, and in-
duced Miss Dutcher to accompany her
home to get the permission of her moth-
er, which the latter was unwilling to
give, for reasons known to herself and
others. At the refusal of her request,
she demurred bitterly, not knowing that
there was a good excuse for it. At this
instant, as she was in the dining-room,
the door of the unlighted parlors was
thrown open, and in trooped a bevy of
little boys and girls, to the number of
thirty-three. Gussie, intensely surprised,
recoiled and turned pale at the sudden
and unexpected sight, as from the recol-
lections of a horrid nightmare or some
wild monster. When the mementary as-
tonishment subsided, each boy and girl
present of the rising generation advanced
and congratulated Gussie upon the happy
occasion of her eleventh birthday. Mrs.
Chandler had prepared abundance of ex-
cellent ice cream, and the little visitors
brought a good stock of biscuits, cake,
candy, oranges and other eatables, the
good merits of which were conclusively
proved, and the evening was otherwise
spent in mirthful enjoyments until the
hands on the dial of Mrs. Chandler's
clock told the happy merry-makers that
ten o'clock P. M. is an hour at which all
good little girls and boys should be
embraced in the sweet, sound slumbers
of healthful sleep, and respectively and af-
fectionately bidding Miss Gussie a pleas-
ant good night and many recurring hap-
py birthdays, the young surprisers beat
a hasty retreat towards their parental
roofs, and were soon properly tucked
in their cozy little beds, sweetly dreaming
that youth had partaken of an evening's
complete enjoyment, to which many
older boys and girls are strangers.

Miss Gussie sincerely wishes that such
a birthday would occur to her at least
twice a year.

A Table,
For those who use the Book of Common
Prayer.

Sunday, Mar. 25th.

The Psalter for the 25th day of the
month.

Morning Prayer.

1st Lesson—Daniel ix.

2d Lesson—Matthew xxvi.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—Malachi iii. and iv.

2d Lesson—Hebrews v. to verse 11th.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the
Sunday next before Easter.

Sunday, April 1st.

The Psalter for the 1st day of the
month.

Morning Prayer.

1st Lesson—Exodus xii. to verse 37th.

2d Lesson—Acts ii. verse 23d.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for Easter
Sunday.

The Late Mrs. Carrie F. Breg.

Just before going to press with our
last page, we are given the extremely sad
intelligence of the death of Mrs. Carrie
F. Breg, relict of the lamented Wm. L.
M. Breg, of this institution. Mrs. Breg
has been suffering for some time from
an affection of the lungs, but when first
taken sick was attacked with bilious
fever. The principal cause of her death
was probably consumption, and worry
consequent upon the death of her hus-
band, last May, and mourning his loss.
She died very happy, expressing herself
to Miss Hall, our matron, and one or
two others at her side when dying, as be-
ing very happy, and saying in effect that
she was going home now, where she
could be at rest.

The above was clipped from the Mich-
igan Deaf-Mute Mirror, and is sufficiently
sad for all who knew Mrs. Breg and had
learned to admire her quiet Christian
demeanor, and her patience under the ex-
traordinary trials which she had been
called upon to bear for the past few
months. Less than ten months had passed
since her husband died, leaving to her
the care and training of four little chil-
dren. Anxiety and worry added to a
frail constitution lessened her chances of
long life. Gradually the seeds of quick
consumption were developed. A few
weeks of painful suffering and then all
was over. Surrounding the death-bed
were affectionate friends who did all that
human skill could do to alleviate her suf-
ferings. But it was her desire to go and
join the absent and loved spirit around
whom her thoughts had clustered those
long and weary months. Mrs. Breg was
one of the early graduates of the Mich-
igan Institution. Very shortly after her
graduation she was married to Mr. Breg,
who, we believe, had been her teacher.
The funeral was held at the Evangelical
Lutheran Church near Mr. Breg's resi-
dence, and the sermon was preached by
the Rev. G. P. Lindahl of the Presbyte-
rian church. All of the pupils at the in-
stitution were present, and Principal
Parker interpreted for their benefit.
The sermon ended, all took a last look
at the features so well known and so dear
to them, and so soon to be taken from
their sight forever. Who shall picture
the grief of those little children of hers
who were fully able to realize their loss?
As they bent over the coffin and bedewed
it with their tears, many a prayer was
offered up by those present that God
would care for and comfort them. The
remains were interred by the side of her
husband in Glenwood Cemetery, a beau-
tiful spot two miles from the city. Rev.
H. H. Northrup, a retired Presbyterian
minister and an old friend of the family,
has been appointed administrator of the
estate. We understand that it is to be
sold at once, and the proceeds are to be
used for the liquidation of debts.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items
that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to asso-
ciations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for
the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends
and readers will keep us supplied with items for
this column; mark items so sent: The Itemizer.

PROF. C. L. WILLIAMS has resigned his po-
sition of teacher at the Wisconsin Deaf-mute In-
stitution.

The four orphan children of the late Prof.
Wm. L. M. Breg have found the best of homes
in families in Flint, Mich.

The Mirror emphatically declares that "blue
glass in bottle form has no effect upon poor
corn-jules." That settles it.

MR. EZRA G. VALENTINE, for several years an
instructor at the Wisconsin and Indiana Deaf-
mute Institutions, is practicing law in Chicago, Ill.

HON. B. D. STONE, of Oneida Co., of the
State Legislature, paid the Central New York
Institution a visit recently, while on his way to
the capital.

The late great fire at the Iowa Deaf-mute In-
stitution was noticed by the principal of the
Nebraska Deaf-mute Institution, and his wife,
at Omaha in the night.

MRS. EVA A. CLAPP, nee Davis, of Deposit,
N. Y., left with her husband for Ann Arbor,
Mich., last October, and reports good success in
her husband's occupation—that of a shoemaker.

THE Annual Appropriation Bill of the Leg-
islature and the Annual Supply Bill contain re-
spectively \$18,000 and \$30,000 for the Central
New York Institution for Deaf-mutes of Rome,
N. Y.

According to the act passed by Congress July
27, 1863, Senator GEORGE F. FORDUMS, of Ver-
mont, has been appointed a director of the Co-
lumbia Institution for Deaf-mutes, at Wash-
ington, D. C.

R. B. HAYES is a grocery-keeper on Eighth
Ave. He's a mute, ingenious sapient after
fame, and has not even departed for Washington
to solicit a post-office on the strength of his name.
—N. Y. Ez.

REV. B. M. FAY, the first principal of the
Michigan Deaf-mute Institution, and father of
Prof. E. A. FAY, of the National Deaf-mute
College, is living in retirement at Saratoga
Springs, N. Y.

A Saratoga belle had ears of such tremendous
size that she besought a New York surgeon to
clip them down, and the story goes that he has
commenced and thinks he can finish the job.
The world moves.

CYRUS M. MORSE, of Amboy Center, Oswego
Co., stopped in Rome, N. Y., a few weeks ago,
and reported himself as quite successful in the
sale of prize stationery packages, a business
which he has recently taken up.

CATHARINE of Modena, wife of the Count DE
CHAMBORED, lately kissed the Pope's slipper, and
presented him with 10,000 francs in gold. His
Holiness favored her with an allocation, of which
the lady, being very deaf, did not hear a word.

Mrs. PAUL GIRARD, of Lewis Co., visited the
Central N. Y. Institution recently, while on his
way to the Rochester Institution. As Mr. G.
gives his age at twenty-nine, the latter institu-
tion must be congratulated on the accession of
at least one pay pupil.

FRED STICKER, a semi-mute and a pupil, re-
cently started a small paper in the interest of
the younger portion of the deaf-mutes at the
Wisconsin Deaf-mute Institution, but failed for
lack of time to attend to it. Milky Way was
the aspiring name of the little paper which per-
ished in its first budding.

FRED CLOUGH, of Geneva, N. Y., a graduate
of the New York Institution, has an agency for
the sale of cheap pictures. He buys for about
3 cts. each wholesale, and retails at 15 cts. and
makes a good thing out of it. He was in Rome,
N. Y., recently, and did a rousing business
among its twelve thousand inhabitants.

SAYS the Pittsburgh Telegraph: A deaf and
dumb man who canvassed Kittingham last week
for the purpose of raising money to assist him in
purchasing a farm, paid thirty-six dollars for
nine fancy chickens. This fellow was indom-
ed by nearly all the clergymen, and as a consequence
succeeded in collecting a considerable amount.

THE Nebraska Institution needs another teacher
and a good paragraph in the principal's report
is given to the statement of this fact. Well,
where is the hitch? The State appropriated
\$5,000 for salaries and at the close of the fiscal
year, they had expended but \$4,500 of this
amount. Much less than the \$1,500 margin
would get an excellent man.

JAMES WHALEN, a graduate of the N. Y.
Institution, and quite experienced in the world's
ways, having been as far west as Minnesota,
stopped in Rome, N. Y., during the month of
February, while on his way to Hamilton, N. Y.,
to visit relatives. He resumes work on the
farm of Mr. S. A. Taber, of Scipio, N. Y., early
in the spring.

The conundrum days have come, the jolliest
of the year. "Anxiety" sends up a postal card
from New York city, with this wicked one:
"Does the Michigan Institution pay 25 cts. per
bushel or barrel for pigs' feet and soup bones?"
apropos to the recently published meat con-
tract of that institution, of course. Give it up.
Respectfully referred to the Mirror.

At a recent county Sabbath School Con-
vention, held at East Wilton, N. H., Deacon E. D.
Boylston, by way of illustration, in some of his
remarks cited this hears the success of GEORGE
KENT, a deaf-mute and the acknowledged lion
among the craft of anglers, who with aidler pole
and low string for a line, does better service as
a fisherman and bags more game than the most
polished city dandy supplied with all the para-
phernalia of the renowned Walton devotees.

ASKED those who passed the recent Cambridge
Local Examinations with honors was a lad
named FARRAR, who was absolutely deaf and
dumb. He is under 16 years of age, and has
obtained a certificate for classics and mathematics.
This is probably the first case of the sort in the
United Kingdom. Mr. Farrar was a pupil of
Rev. T. Arnold, of Northampton, whose method
of teaching those thus afflicted has been highly
successful. —London (England) Daily News, Mar.
8, 1877.

THE correspondents' column of the New York
Ledger, lately contained the following: "Wal-
ter K. says: 'I am a boy, sixteen, and have
been deaf for the last five years from scarlet fever;
I have tried several things, but I cannot get
cured. Will you please be kind enough to tell
me what I can do for it?' Our ability to ben-
efit you was equal to our sympathy for you, you
would be speedily cured. We can only advise
you to take excellent care of your general health
and to consult a skillful aurist."

A leading editorial under the caption of "The
Place of Institution Papers," in the March 9th
edition of the Mirror, proceeds to stir up the
dust with us on account of an article over the
signature of one of our contributors and pub-
lished in our paper under date of March 1st.
The article to which the editor takes such broad
exceptions, shows for itself that it is the ex-
pressed opinion of one of our writers, and all
the reply we deem necessary to the Mirror on
the subject is to simply point to the notice at
the head of our columns, that correspondents
alone are responsible for their particular views.

A correspondent of the New York Herald gives
the following interesting item in reference to
LILLIE MITCHELL, a deaf-mute and daughter of
Gen. J. G. MITCHELL, of Columbus, Ohio, who
was present at the inauguration of President
Hayes at Washington: "With Mrs. Hayes, in
the Senate Gallery, was a beautiful little grand-
daughter, of whom Mrs. Hayes has charge. This
child has one of the most interesting faces,
framed in a wreath of blonde hair, and eyes that
positively speak, but unfortunately her lips are
sealed, and she is dumb from the effects of scar-
let fever contracted when she was but six years
of age."

WILLIAM H. BLOOD, a deaf-mute, who went
from Syracuse about three years ago, is now liv-
ing at Lansing, Mich. Notwithstanding the
usual depression in business, he finds steady,
remunerative employment in a cabinet and up-
holstery shop in that city. He is at present
working on black-walnut sets, and upholstery
for a large new church. Mr. Blood affirms that
Lansing is a very fine town and a healthy place.
At the date of his letter, (March 10th), the
weather was very cold and windy, with about
ten inches of snow, and the sleighing was very
good. About three weeks ago, Mr. Blood went
out to Jackson on a visit, and he found about
fourteen deaf-mutes there. He warmly wel-
comes the appearance of the JOURNAL every
week, as he says he likes to hear from his deaf-
mute friends.

THE Mirror has an article to show the folly
of attempts to make the various institution in-
dustries a source of income to the State. In so
doing it proves more than it attempts. It proves
what has long been suspected by unbiased, think-
ing minds, that these industries, so far as prepa-
ration for bread-making after graduation is con-
cerned, fall far short of the success claimed.

According to the Mirror, not over two years
are averaged by pupils, counting the time spent
day by day, in the institution industries, and the
same authority tells us that apprentices are
not profitable to their employers till the third
year of their apprenticeship; the conclusion is
obvious that the pupil cannot be made profitable
to the State, nor, but the Mirror is silent here,
can he be made profitable to himself, to attain
which, being the great end in view, the conclu-
sion is not happy.

Something is wrong about the whole system.
How many deaf-mutes follow, in after life, the
occupations they have been taught at school?

Have not the observing noticed that now and
then a deaf-mute well on in his teens, or just
out perhaps, enters an institution to learn some-
thing of language, in which he is very deficient;
and entering a certain shop, soon proves him-
self the master of all? He has learned the trade
out in the world, and learned it so well that
his savings reach an amount sufficient to carry
him through a course. We know of several such
cases actually occurring in a large institution.

The ideal shop is good; but in every case
the real fluctuates between freezing and zero.

The Philadelphia Mission.

From the fourth annual report of the
Church Mission to Deaf-mutes we learn
that the mission at St. Stephen's Church,
this city, last year raised \$230 for the
support of the mission, or four times the
amount ever raised before in any year
for "general objects." The number of
communicants increased to 47 from 29
during the year. The attendance is placed
at an average of 50, though on special
occasions as many as 250 have been present.
The mission is in charge of Rev.
H. W. Sylve, a young mute of great
promise, whose devotion to his work is
marked and most praiseworthy. The mis-
sion ought to have a church building of
its own. It is doing a great deal of good
even now, under some disadvantages, and
might do much more had it only the ad-
vantages which independence would doubtless
afford. Some of our wealthy citizens are
constantly giving the public agreeable sur-
prises in the guise of benefactions for religious
and charitable purposes; and to some one of
these, or to some one who has yet to begin, we
most cordially commend the Philadelphia Mis-
sion to Deaf-mutes. A church edifice
equal to the accommodation of five hun-
dred persons would not cost a very large
sum, and we are quite sure it would be a
good investment. —Phila. North Ameri-
can, Feb. 22, 1877.

Further Particulars of the Burning of
the Iowa Institution.

FORTUNATELY NO LIVES WERE LOST—THE
AMOUNT OF PROPERTY DESTROYED ESTI-
MATED AT \$100,000.
(From the Council Bluffs Daily Nonpareil.)
The citizens of this community were
startled on Sunday morning last with the
announcement made in our issue of that
date that the State Institution for the
Deaf and Dumb located at this place had
been burned. It was an event which
caused a more universal feeling of regret
than any other similar one which ever oc-
curred in this city. By the fire one of
the finest structures in this State was de-
stroyed, excepting, of course, the outside
walls, which stand complete—a lone-
some monument of that which the day before
was the pride not only of our city, but of
the entire slope. Not a brick in the
walls seems misplaced, but it is probable
that when closely examined some portions
will need to be taken down and rebuilt.

THE LOSS.
The entire loss on the building and
contents will probably not exceed one
hundred thousand dollars; at least it is
estimated by our best informed citizens
in reference thereto that it can be replaced
for that money. The foundations
are uninjured and all that is necessary
to be done is to roof the walls as they
stand and finish the interior. The water
works, gas house, heating apparatus, be-
ing all outside of the building burned,
are uninjured and are as ready for use
now as before the fire occurred, and had
the openings in the wall between the
main building and the east wing been
protected with iron doors it is more than
probable that the former would not have
been burned. In our opinion when it is
rebuilt and the west wing finished both
should be separated from the main part
by fire proof doors.

THE ORIGIN OF THE FIRE.
On the night of the fire it was impos-
sible under the circumstances to form the
least idea of how the fire originated. No
reasonable theory could at that time be
offered, but after careful consideration of
all the known facts in the case it is sup-
posed that a jet of gas came in contact
with the wainscoting in the room in the
fourth story of the wing, and this is prob-
able from the fact that the burner in
that apartment did not come down from
the ceiling but projected from the side
and had a joint which permitted its be-
ing turned back against the wall. The
supposition is that this was done by some
means and hence the conflagration. The
room where the fire originated had been
used as a washroom, and all such in the
institution were ceiling part way up or
wainscoted.

WHEN FIRST DISCOVERED.
The fire was first discovered by the
night engineer, Mr. L. A. Miller, at
about ten minutes to 12 o'clock at mid-
night. He was attending to his duties
inside at the time, and hearing, as he
supposed, a noise outside, went to the
window to see what it was when he dis-
covered an unusual illumination which
caused him to go outdoors to ascertain
what produced it. He then saw that
the building was on fire, and at once
gave the alarm, after which he started
for the fire plugs in the vicinity of the
flames and commenced utilizing them
with the assistance of Mr. Gillespie, one
of the teachers, R. H. Fox, chief engi-
neer, A. T. Surber, a deaf and dumb em-
ployee, and W. G. Richie, a deaf and
dumb pupil, all of whom worked with in-
defatigable energy as long as it was pos-
sible to do so.

FIGHTING THE FLAMES.

When the first stream was brought to
bear the fire was still in the room where

Yorkshire stone. Internally the church,
or place for divine worship, will be an
important feature. It is to be con-
structed to seat about 200 worshippers,
and the seats will be arranged in a semi-
circular form, so that every eye can be
concentrated upon the minister as he is
conducting the service. Light will be
obtained from the octagonal roof. There
will be a small apse, giving the church
somewhat more than it would otherwise
have had an ecclesiastical appearance,
and suitable texts of scripture will be
carved or painted upon the walls. Ac-
cess will be obtained by a spacious stair-
case, leading from the entrance hall,
which, divided above into a double flight,
will make ingress and egress an easy
matter. In the basement of the build-
ing will be a gymnasium capable of be-
ing converted, as occasion may require,
into a tea room. The ground floor is en-
tered by a spacious vestibule which com-
municates with an inner hall, giving ac-
cess to the secretary's office, class rooms,
&c. The reading-room—adapted also
for lectures and entertainments—will be
entered from the same hall, and a side-
room will afford convenience as a coffee
or general refreshment room. All the
rooms will have open fireplaces, suppli-
mented by heating apparatus, and the
building will be fitted with all modern
conveniences.

The architect has, we think, made the
most of the land, and the building is cer-
tain to provide means by which the com-
fort and happiness of the deaf and dumb
in this city will be materially increased
and the Society's welfare advanced. One
thing, however, will be lacking, and that
is a place of residence for the chaplain.
It would have been no bad thing if the
Committee had been able to secure a
further frontage on Grosvenor-street of
eight or ten yards, in the Oxford-street
direction, upon which to build a small
house. This, however, is more than their
finances would admit of doing. It would
cost probably \$2,000 more, everything
included, and may even yet be done if the
Society is aided by subscriptions to the
extent which it deserves. A chaplain's
house adjoining the institution would
add much to the appearance of the front-
age, and give stability and character to
the Society. We commend it very heart-
ily to the sympathy of the public.—
Manchester Guardian, Dec. 8, 1876.

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neer, A. T. Surber, a deaf and dumb em-
ployee, and W. G. Richie, a deaf and
dumb pupil, all of whom worked with in-
defatigable energy as long as it was pos-
sible to do so.

FIGHTING THE FLAMES.

When the first stream was brought to
bear the fire was still in the room where

it originated, to all appearances, but it
doubtless had worked up into the roof,
so that it could not be reached with the
apparatus at hand. It is the opinion of
the superintendent, Mr. Talbot, that had
there been an engine there to work from
the outside the building might have been
saved—at all events the main part.

The fire catching in the fourth story
and burning fast through the ceiling in-
to the loft and thence through the ceiling
into the roof it was impossible to
stop its progress by the use of hose on
the floor where the fire caught, although
water was turned on as soon as discovered
and a steady stream poured upon the
fire until the flames and smoke compelled
the engineer in charge, Mr. Fox, to
abandon his position. The utmost cool-
ness and order were preserved by the
officers and employees, which will account
for the almost miraculous escape of the
children, many of whom were sleeping
in rooms adjoining where the fire com-
menced. The servants who occupied
rooms on this floor deserve great credit,
leaving their own effects to be burned
(and in some cases their all) to assist in
saving the children and the property of
the State.

SAVING THE CHILDREN.

The girls on the floor where the fire
commenced did not save much of their
clothing, but those on the floor below
were more fortunate and saved nearly
everything. The boys saved their clothes.
The girls were loth to leave their rooms,
some clinging to the beds and door-knobs
and had to be pulled away by force, and
when led down one story some would
run back and have to be brought down
a second time. When all were safely
housed in the shops, all hands turned
their attention to saving the State prop-
erty and the result is very gratifying—
nearly all the bedding was saved and a
large portion of the furniture in the first
and second stories. The goods saved
were safely housed, on Sunday, under
the superintendence of Mr. A. B. Wal-
ker, the former steward of the institution.

NEW ARRANGEMENTS.

The remaining buildings at the deaf
and dumb institution are adequate to
accommodate about one half of the pupils,
and of the eight classes only four will be
sent to their homes. These are com-
posed largely of the older scholars, many
of whom are sent for by their parents in
the spring to assist on the farm, and
there will be but few cases where it
will be a disappointment or hardship to
the scholars now leaving. Before the
beginning of the fall term the west wing
now in process of erection and wholly un-
injured will be completed and ready for
occupancy, giving sufficient room in con-
nection with cottage and workshop build-
ings to accommodate those now sent to
their homes for the summer. The only
extra expense necessary to utilize the
buildings which remain for school pur-
poses will be an addition to the work-
shop of a temporary character for a din-
ing room and kitchen with rooms for
servants above.

The resident trustees and officers were
busy all day Sunday in arranging for the
recommencement of the school and send-
ing to their homes those belonging to the
classes given a vacation. The chil-
dren seem to be comfortable and happy
and the teachers thankful that their
classes were intact—not one missing.
Some have suggested that

Gather Up the Fragments.

BY MARY E. C. JOHNSON.

Gather up the fragments
Of a broken, mispent life;
Broken by its dashing
On the rocks of sin and strife;
Gather up the fragments,
As you count them one by one,
You will find life still worth living,
All its work not done.

Though the seeds are growing over
The grave of early love;
Though the friends you must have trusted
Did most unworthily prove;
In these same seeds, now lying
Above the blooms of youth,
Is there not room for planting
New seeds of hope and truth?

Gather up the fragments,
And begin your work again;
Though you may never make your life
What once it might have been;
In gathering up its fragments
You can do your very best,
And you will find in doing so
You can trust God for the rest.

You can never renew the image
Of your broken dream,
And the gathering of its fragments
A thankless task may seem;
Yet know that God will give you help,
When help you need the most,
Then gather up the fragments,
Let none of them be lost.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Announcements for Confirmation Services.

REV. DR. GALLAUDET TO INTERPRET FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

NEW YORK, March 15, 1877.
MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—The Rt. Rev. Bishop Cox will hold a confirmation in St. Luke's Church, Rochester, on Wednesday evening, May 24, at 7:30; the Rt. Rev. Bishop Huntington in Zion Church, Rome, on Sunday, May 6th, at 10:30 A. M.; and the Rt. Rev. Bishop Paddock in the Chapel of the Good Shepherd, Boston, on Tuesday, May 8th, at 7:30 P. M. I expect to be present at these special services to interpret for our deaf-mute friends. I trust that there will be a good number of them ready for confirmation.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Potter will hold the annual confirmation in St. Ann's Church for Deaf-mutes, New York, on the third Sunday after Easter, April 22d, at 3:30 P. M. Thus the church work among deaf-mutes goes steadily on.

Yours sincerely,
THOMAS GALLAUDET.

Salem Notes.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Once more I take up my pen to tell you and your numerous readers that we were agreeably surprised last Friday evening at the appearance among us of Prof. W. H. Weeks, of the American Asylum, Hartford. He had some business at Marblehead and came up to spend the night with an old friend and was cordially welcomed. Those three new disciples of Christ mentioned in my previous letter were invited to take tea with him at the house of Brother P. W. Packard. They were invited by way of encouragement. Sunday morning I and my family had the pleasure of seeing Brother Weeks deliver a very interesting discourse before the new deaf-mute society. That afternoon a conference meeting was held, of which your readers will learn from another source. The crowning event of the day, however, was the prayer meeting in the evening, when six new names were added to the army of the Lord. This was a glorious work and I am sure as much cannot be said of any other society ever organized in Boston that I am aware of. May the present Trustees and Committee long be spared to continue the good work so well begun. The attendance would have been much larger had the weather been more favorable. It is proposed to hold another soon.

Wm. Bailey of Marblehead gave the Salem Society of deaf-mutes a lecture last evening which was pronounced good. Their next lecture will be delivered by Geo. A. Holmes of Boston, March 13th. We are enjoying a visit from Miss Lizzie Lake, the efficient Secretary of the Lowell Silent Union. She is the guest of President Chapman.

Those of our members who visited the Worcester Society on the 22d, have returned, and report a very enjoyable time.

OCCASIONAL.
Salem, Mass., Feb. 28, 1877.

Letter from a Hard-working Deaf-Mute.

DELAWARE, O., March 8, 1877.
EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—I have a little news that may be of interest to some of your readers.
Miss Lydia Kizer, a graduate of the Ohio Deaf-mute Institution, has gone to a happier land. She died of consumption on the 24 of February last at the house of her sister, Mrs. Matilda Williams in Richland county in this State, and her remains were interred on the 8th. She was very patient and uncomplaining during all her sickness and without a murmur submitted to the will of God. She often told her speaking sister while sitting by the sufferer's bedside that she was willing to depart and meet her friends who had passed on before her and were welcoming her to their home on high.

In the evening of Feb. 21st, Rev. A. W. Mann held service for deaf-mutes in the basement of the Episcopal church of this village. Several deaf-mutes attended the meeting, four of whom are members of the Lutheran church. The other three are not church members, but may join one before long.

I have a small stone-yard and work at cutting building stone. I have one man working for me and he is a deaf-mute.

EMORY SHROOP.

Interesting Letter from a Foreign-born Deaf-Mute.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—Dear Sir: Enclosed you will find \$1.50 for your valuable paper for one year, for I think it will be a great benefit to me and others, as I shall make it known and show it to many of my acquaintances, and shall endeavor to induce others to subscribe for it, as there are many deaf-mutes here.

I came from the old world some thirty years ago. I received my education from Mr. Andrew Patterson, of Manchester, England. Mr. Patterson has been the principal teacher in that institution for deaf and dumb for thirty-five years. He has also two faithful assistants, both deaf-mutes, named Goodwin and Hogg, who have been with him for quite a good number of years. I write to my teacher often, and he is always glad to hear from me, and to be informed of the ways and manners of the deaf-mutes of the new world, and he thinks we are far ahead of the English, as he has told me as much; but still I thank him and God for the instructions I received in that old native land of mine. They taught me to be honorable, to be just and true to all men, and I have always tried to do as they taught me.

I wonder if any of your readers know these two teachers (Goodwin and Hogg) by reputation. I wonder if any of them were taught at the same place that I was. There are many pleasant recollections in my mind as I write of that beautiful institution in that far-off land, where I passed all my young boyhood days, and it looks a long time back since I took my teacher's hand and those of my companions in mine, and bade them a long farewell, to try my luck in this glorious land of the free, for I can truly say free since the fetters and chains are loosed from a race of God's people who are my brothers. God has no respect for color. He will not say to the dark-skinned man, "Stand back for the man of lighter shade." No, he will not do so poor, weak, wicked mortals do here. I never felt like saying this was the land of the free, when three millions of souls were bound in chains; their condition is hard and slavish yet, and will be for another generation, until people become more Christian-like towards them; but thank God, no more buying of flesh and blood of God's children. I have seen with my own eyes the child sold from its mother, and it was enough to make me groan within myself and say: "No, America never can be called free until this cruel thing of buying and selling is done away with of a people who are made, like myself, in God's own likeness," and, thanks to His overruling Providence, good men and good women have helped to break the shackles, and they are free. Many may look at it different from what I do, but the time has almost come when the wicked and the good shall say, in a loud voice, "It is well done."

JOHN TAYLOR.
Lawrence, Mass., March 13, 1877.

How the 22d of February was Spent at the Maryland Institution.

MARYLAND INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, Feb. 28, 1877.
EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—It has been very charming and pleasant for a few days and we are glad that spring is approaching.

Last Thursday, the birthday of the father of our country, was celebrated by this institution in an appropriate manner. A grand entertainment was given in the chapel, to which all the members of the board, and a good many other respected people of this city were invited. The chapel was crowded with spectators. The performance commenced at 7:30 P. M. sharp, and the visitors were much pleased with our plays. When it was over, the spectators said our tableaux were about the best they had ever seen, and it broke up at 10:30 o'clock.

The following is a list of the pupils who took part in the entertainment:

- 1st. Recitation, - The Famine.
- Miss A. Barry.
- 2d. Four-scene Tableau, - The Famine. Hiawatha, John B. Myers. Minnehaha, Lizzie Fisher. Nokomis, Kate Steigleman. Famine, Thomas Sheridan. Fever, John A. Trundle.
- 3d. Recitation, - I am the least of all. Miss Mary Erhart.
- 4th. Three-scene Charade, - Patch-work. Playing Checker, J. Hess & P. Schwartz. Reading, J. L. Kampe. Playing Jack-straw, Gill and Knoechel. Mending a kite, Underwood and Fenton.
- Examining a bat and ball, Beetle and Martin.
- Patch on a boy's knee, Harry Reamy.
- Works.
- Father (sewing a coat), James Stubbs. Mother (sewing a dress), C. Brown. Daughters { making a bonnet, M. Knott. { sweeping the room, M. Schuman.
- { mending shoes, John Fouble. { a chair, P. Cronin. { blacking boots, L. Kampe. Errand Boy, W. Feldpusch.
- Patch-work.
- Grandmother, Cora Brown. Granddaughter, C. Sterne.
- 5th. Tableau, - Good By, Sweetheart. Lover, (dressed as a sailor), G. Veditz. Lady, (dressed as a peasant girl), Miss Wicks.
- 6th. Recitation, - The Doctor and his Patient, Mr. C. Grow.
- 7th. Tableau, - Five Foolish Virgins. Misses M. James, L. Blair, E. Peregoy, H. Turner, and Annie Barry.
- 8th. Recitation, - Wisen. Misses C. Sterne, Turnt, Griffin, Sterne, Webster, Bentley, Spencer and Bruck.
- 9th. Proverb, Better be an old man's darling than a young man's slave. Old Man, Joel L. Haines. Wife, Louisa Quarrengasser.

Young Man, Edward Ramsay. Wife, H. Hess.
10th. Tableau, - The First Scrap. Mother, Margaret Getz. Sons { Ed. Beetle. { Daniel Webster.- 11th. Recitation, Ichabod Crane, or the Country Schoolmaster, by E. Beetle.
- 12th. Tableau, - Don't make her. Lover, John A. Trundle. Lady, Annie B. Barry.
- 13th. Pantomime, Lord Ullin's daughter. Father, C. Hartman. Daughter, A. Griffin. Lover, R. Underwood. Boatman, Reamy. Soldiers, Buxton, Smith, Palmer, Boss and Kraft.
- 14th. Three-scene Tableau, Sleeping Beauty. King, Allie Branflick. Queen, T. C. Rasche. Princess, Ella Peregoy. Prince, James Moylan. Fairy God-mother, Kate Bruck. Six Fairies, M. Erkart, B. Leasure, E. Hare, M. Simonson, R. Sterne and Kate Webster.

On the 23d of February, a very delightful social, (we have one each month,) was given by the kind-hearted principal to the pupils, and they were all treated to cakes. All said that they enjoyed it very much.

We are sorry that Mr. Wm. H. Falconer, one of the Board of this institution, lost his large straw stack by fire, from which sparks were carried to his barn by the wind, but the fire was averted by the arrival of a steamer.

Last month, Miss Mary Feldpirsch, a graduate of this institution, became the wife of Mr. Tyler, a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution. It is said that the deaf-mutes of Baltimore will have a picnic in August, and they will probably enjoy themselves very much.

"The grass in front of this institution will soon begin to grow, and then the girls will play croquet."

A very nice iron fence was put up last spring, and in front of it was laid a large brick pavement about 20 feet wide, and beautiful trees are growing at the end of the walk, bordering the road.

C. E. S.

Woman's Work in Marblehead.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I cannot forego the pleasure of telling you a bit of news about the new work the ladies of Marblehead have undertaken for the benefit of the Industrial Home. The sewing circle takes place once a week, and is busy making preparations for a fair, which will be held, perhaps, at the time the Trustees of the Home meet. At every meeting of the circle there is a money box always at hand. Those present who wish to give a little, can put it in the box, and soon these pennies grow into dollars. The ladies propose to have Mr. Bailey give a short oration, with Dr. Gallaudet as interpreter for the hearing persons present. Some new arrangement, perhaps a small party or something else, may be added to our present work. If so, I will give notice in your paper. All articles that persons may wish to donate will be thankfully received by Mrs. John Bowden, the President, and the money by Miss Sarah Whipple, the Treasurer. The circle will not fail to give the particulars before the fair is held.

Last Tuesday at the meeting of the circle, Mrs. Bowden related a romantic story of how a bachelor got married. It caused much merriment.

Mr. Bailey has gone to make a pastoral visit at Biddeford. I trust he will give the particulars of his trip in your paper.

There is much talk about the rapid prosperity of the Boston Deaf-mute Society. May God bless and continue to prosper the society is the wish of every supporter.

Sweet spring has come. [Our correspondent would not think so if he were here in Mexico. The sleighing is splendid and the mercury indicates 5° below zero this (Monday) morning, and yesterday morning it fell to 11° below.—Ed. Jour.] The preparations for the coming summer are noticeable all along the coast.

Our little prayer meeting seems to prosper through the efforts of Mr. Bailey, earnestly seconded by Mrs. Bowden. We humbly ask the Christian readers of the Journal to remember our little work in their prayers.

Yours sincerely,
Hope.

Marblehead, Mass., March 10, 1877.

Prof. Job Turner.

BOSTON, Mass., March 13, 1877.
DEAR JOURNAL:—Allow me to say a few words in your valuable paper about Prof. Job Turner. His missions in the New England States have been very successful, and we truly hope they will continue to be so. We expect that the Providence, R. I., mission for deaf-mutes will be completed very soon. It is said that two or three gentlemen of the Boston Society and others, are very jealous of his success and wish to prevent him from preaching in Boston, Worcester and other towns. If so, they ought to be ashamed of themselves. They must bear in mind that Mr. Job Turner has done many good things for the Boston and Worcester societies. He is a true Christian, and nearly everybody loves him. These gentlemen have tried to show themselves off as "true Christians," but are in fact "Pharisees." One of them boasts that he has worked hard to improve the Boston Society. But to tell the truth he is very unpopular among the Bostonians. We wish him to be sensible and mind his own business.

We must not omit to say that Mr. Wm. Lynde has discharged his duties towards the society faithfully for many years past.

Mr. Turner's letters in your paper always afford us much pleasure, and we

hope that you will keep him for one of your correspondents.

JUSTICE.

A Deaf-Mute's Letter to Wm. B. Swett.

A VERY HARD TASK-MASTER—HOW TO SELECT A FARM FOR THE INDUSTRIAL HOME.

Feb. 25, 1875.
FRIEND SWETT:—Yours of the 9th came to hand in due season, but I have not until to-day had an opportunity to answer it. I was glad to hear from you, and to know that the prospects were so bright for the Home. I was sorry to learn that you had lost the use of your hand. It is a bad thing to happen to you, if you purchase one, place no dependence on the word of agents and owners, but go yourself with an experienced farmer and examine the soil thoroughly. Those agents would cheat the D—, although Grey, of Boston, is said to be a reliable man, and they say his word can be depended on.

In regard to my coming up, I should like to know something more definite in regard to my pay, my duties, etc. I would not be willing to take the work on commission, but should want a regular salary, sufficient for board, clothing and expenses. If I come I know I could be of great assistance to you as I could take all your correspondence off your hands, write good articles for the papers and be of use to you in a hundred different ways. I have been very unfortunate the past year, and therefore feel very poor. I have had no work for five months, and lost all the pay for my summer's work as I told you in my last letter. I have lost my only relative by death, and thereby lost the only home I have had for years. I am now working for my board, and have a very hard time of it. I work from 6 A. M. to 7 and 8 P. M., and only get my food and lodging. The man I work for is as mean as the D—, a regular Shylock. I would like to take that paper you want me to, but I am not at present in shape to pay for it. I would be glad to get upon the farm as master farmer. I am sure of giving satisfaction, and can bring good recommendations from all who have employed me for the past ten years.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I will close. My regards to your family and all my friends in Marblehead.

Yours truly,

American Deaf-Mute Editors.

Mr. Edmund Booth, a native of Massachusetts and a graduate of the Hartford Deaf-mute school, was for several years connected with the same school as teacher. While Iowa was a territory, he resigned his place to emigrate thither to live as a pioneer. He bought two axes which he carried there in his trunk, with a deaf-mute bride whom he had just married. He made a settlement, where he is now very comfortably situated, a few years afterwards started a paper called the *Anamosa Herald*, and is now conducting the paper, as large as the *Press*, very well. He has made a very good fortune. While the settlement was in its infancy, he once lost some of his pigs which were carried off by wolves while he was asleep.

Mr. Henry C. Rider, a graduate of the New York Deaf-mute Institution, is editor of the *DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL* at Mexico, N. Y. His paper is ably conducted and taken by a large number of deaf-mutes. It is the best paper for the deaf-mutes.

Mr. Levi Backus, a graduate of the Hartford Deaf-mute school, and for several years a teacher in the Canajoharie (N. Y.) Deaf-mute School, discontinued many years ago, is believed to have been the first deaf-mute editor of a newspaper in this country. He edited the *Radius* for many years. He died some years ago.

Mr. Thomas McCreery, a graduate of the Virginia Deaf-mute Institution, is editor of a newspaper called the *Union*, at Charlottesville, Kanawha county, West Virginia.

Several other deaf-mute papers have failed for want of patronage.—*Worcester Press*.

Judge Davis' Opinion of Silent Begging.

A THRUST AT DEAF AND DUMB BEGGARS.

Judge Davis yesterday rendered a decision in the case of Frank Haller, the young cripple who moved along the streets by using his hands, his legs being disabled. He was arrested for begging, convicted and committed to the care of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction. It was shown that he held out his hand to several persons who gave him money. The policeman who arrested him could not say that he asked for anything. His parents sought for his release on habeas corpus, it being urged that such silent gestures was not begging alms or soliciting charity within the meaning of the statute as to begging children. Judge Davis holds that words are not necessary to the offense. The act of begging alms or soliciting charity is the thing condemned, in whatever form it may be committed. "In many instances," he says, "words are far less effective to accomplish the end than simple acts. The deaf and dumb man, real or pretended, who stands with a placard on the breast, with extended hat in hand, is a solicitor of charity as completely as whoever he spoke to the passer-by. And so is every one whose diseased or crippled condition appeals to the sympathy if he places himself in a position to attract attention, or passes along the street calling attention by sign, act or look to his unhappy condition, and receives from those who observe him the charity he is obviously seeking. Indeed, the class of silent beggars who exhibit deformities, wounds or injuries, which tell plainer

than words their needy and helpless condition, are the most successful solicitors of charity; and especially is this so when the object of alms is a young and helpless child. The intention of the law is not to punish such children, but to protect and provide for their necessities with tender care; and it would be a great mistake to hold that the statute does not include such as by their appalling misfortunes need do nothing but silently direct attention to themselves to receive gifts of charity unasked for in words, but really solicited by far more touching appeals." Judge Davis decides, therefore, that the Police Justice was justified in committing the child, but suggested, as the parents seem anxious to receive the boy, that the Commissioners surrender him to them, with an admonition that if again found begging, the boy will be permanently placed in a charitable institution.—*N. Y. World*, March 15, 1877.

OLIVE, ULSTER CO., N. Y., Sept. 6, '76
I have sold Hatch's Universal Cough Syrup for some years past. It has taken the place of nearly all other cough remedies, with my customers. They seldom call for any other. I warrant it for general throat and lung diseases, and for croup and whooping cough, as safe and effectual.

STEPHEN W. WADE.

No one can give so reliable information in regard to the value and sale of a medicine as the dealer. Ask your druggist what he knows about this remedy. Gratuitous samples can almost always be obtained. For sale by dealers generally.

50-4w.

GOSSIP FROM NEW YORK.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, Mar. 20, 1877.

"What will Peter B. Sweeney do now that he has got here?" seems to be the question asked rather earnestly by a good many people, and with a slight suspicion of tremor by a few. Just what he will do seems to be one of those things no fellow can find out. Nevertheless he is in our midst; has made his own terms, which, however, the suits may terminate, except him from arrest, and seems to be quietly looking after his numerous trustees.

The murder of Mr. Kington, for such it is still believed to be by his friends attracts much attention, and everyone who knew him, feels anxious that the mystery should be cleared up. His wife, who has a babe not yet two weeks old, is lying very ill at the Buckingham, here. She has been told that her husband was killed by a railway accident, as she had become so nervous about him she could not sleep, and it was thought less dangerous in her condition to shock her with the news of his death, than to let her be tortured by suspense. Opium was immediately administered, but all her friends fear that she may not survive the terrible grief.

A week ago "Camille" was buried and since then there has been something of a struggle over who should have the guardianship of his orphan child "Bijou." Her pet name of Bijou Heron, is familiar to all theatre-goers everywhere, and to many others here, while that of Helen Stoepeel sounds strange enough. Her great dread was being sent to her father, whom her mother, so erratic and so strong in her loves and her hates, had taught her to dislike, so that the child at least was satisfied. When Mr. Palmer, one of the managers of the Union Square theatre, was appointed her guardian. She has received calls and expressions of condolence from many of the best people in New York, since her sad bereavement, for sad it was to her, as however faulty it may be, "No love like mother love ever was known."

The meeting here of the Acclimatization Society, a few days ago, was a very interesting one. Their object is to help and reward any one who will regularly undertake to introduce any fish, animal, bird or plant, foreign to this country, into it, and forward its growth, until it may become naturalized. They hope to aid in that way many useful objects, increasing the variety of food as well as other matters. Quail it is believed might be propagated so as to sell at two for a cent. What a drug the now dainty tit-bit will become by that time.

The galleries of this city are attracting more attention every year, and are often thronged with people in search of the productions of human genius. The Imperial Art Company, of 309 Broadway, New York, are bringing out in successive series, the *European Art Gallery*, from the paintings of the best masters, by what is called the Photo-Chrome Process, thus combining the accuracy and finish of the photo, with the soft, blending colors and tone of the chromo. In order that the people everywhere may judge for themselves, this Company are making a GRAND FREE ART OFFERING of series No. 1, embracing four pictures, which any person can have forwarded by mail, in an engraved and richly printed cover, with letter press description, by enclosing to the above address 25 cents, to cover cost of packing, mailing and postage. One wonders how they can be offered at such a price, but it is expected that the people will be so pleased, that they will order the other series as they appear. They are on royal crown toned paper and are real art gems. Series No. 1 includes "The Conquest," by Gaster; "The Village Festival," by Wilkie; "The Holy Family," by Coreggio; and "Susannah and the Elders," by Caracci.

There is trouble in business and official circles about the false invoicing of silks, and several dry goods houses are implicated in the matter, and are in trouble because their spring importations are held by the Custom House officers.

The relapse of spring, after the fairest promises, into the arms of winter, has not been very favorable for the sale

of spring goods. They look fine in the shop windows, but on the street silk, velvet and furs are the principal wear. The most elegant costumes worn in this *demi saison*, are of silk and velvet, noticeably in black, plum color and blue, while the long, rich plush circulars that usurped the place of silk ones, but which like them are lined with fur, have proven during this recent snapping weather very comfortable wraps. One of these lined with seal skin, with collar, gloves and muff to match, was valued at \$800. This is reasonable talk considering the weather, but your lady readers will undoubtedly prefer to hear what they may wear this spring. Under the head of camels' hair clothes, there are an infinite variety of fabrics, some plain, many figured. There are also numerous raw silk fabrics, heavy and rich in appearance, but light in reality. *Gazeline borege* is the name of one of the new fabrics to be worn with silk in promenade costumes, while bunting will be used for morning street wear and traveling dresses. Yellows and reds prevail in millinery and our head coverings are gorgeous.

Notes of a Western Trip.

Travel on the great trunk lines is exceedingly slim. The evening express from Syracuse, recently, on which I came West, consisted of but one coach, and that was not overcrowded. As I came further West the number of passengers gradually increased. So I left Toledo with four well-filled coaches, about half a train in ordinary times.

The whole country seems to brag on what a beautiful month February was. I noticed that some plowing had been done along the route through Ohio and Indiana; but March is already "putting on airs," and refuses to confirm the acts of its predecessor.

Traveling salesmen appear to be full as abundant in the West as in the East, and it really does seem to me if jobbing houses were to abandon the system of employing "commercial travelers," three-fourths of the hotels must close up for want of patronage.

Notice in the West, both in villages and cities, in front of nearly all barber shops is to be seen a sign that reads thus: "Shaving 5 cents," which indicates a recent decline in tonsorial commodities. I submitted my upper lip to one of the white-aproned gentry, and as near as I could judge (being in a hurry) he spent 5 cents worth of time lathering, 5 cents worth of elbow grease strapping, 10 cents worth of time scraping up and down, sideways and cross ways, trying to find that contrary beard that grow the contrary way, 5 cents worth of perfumery and hair oil, and 5 cents worth of rubbing and combing (clothes brushing thrown in). This all figured up 30 cents, yet, for manners' sake, when he finally got through, I asked, "What's to pay?" when he slowly and soberly replied, "Only a nickel."

Through the West the snow disappeared by the middle of February, and hard-ware men inform me that they sold some garden rakes and hoes; but the snow storm of March 8th and 9th made it necessary to again get out the sleighs, the snow ranging from 8 to 18 inches deep throughout Michigan, Northern Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Southern Minnesota.

Traveling salesmen say that, until the storm of March 8th, they were selling liberal amounts of goods, and all seem to think the prospect good for a general revival of business in the early spring.

I recently met John R. Halliday, formerly of your village. He is traveling in the interest of the paper house of McCann, Fitch & Converse, Chicago. He informs me he is doing well; glad it is so, for John is a good boy.

There seems to have been a very unusual amount of sickness in the West in February, a good many cases terminating fatally.

While in South Bend, Ind., I called on a brother of Peter Sandhove, of your village. He is in the tin and stove trade, and informs me he is doing very well considering the times.

As near as I can judge nearly all goods are retailed in the West full as low as in Oswego county or vicinity. Well, why not? for the farther you get West the less freight appears from the Eastern marts. For instance, a retail stove dealer over 700 miles west of Troy informs me that he gets his stoves from Troy by rail for 25 cents per 100 lbs., while, if you inquire of a Mexico dealer, he will inform you that the freight from Troy to your place, on stoves, is about 35 cents per 100 lbs.

Traveling shows of various kinds appear to prosper in the West. I find some in almost all stopping places. Suppose they must all be patronized else they would "play out."

I notice in the Western cities and villages many residences have in large letters over the front door, this sign, "Hayes and Wheeler," generally surrounded by tattered flags and faded bunting, indicating that they have been there through the campaign of last fall and all the storms of the winter.

The rate of interest while for many years has been ten per cent, or over in the West, seems to be much lower anywhere east of the Mississippi. Advertisements like the following are plenty in Chicago and other Western papers:

"MORTGAGE LOANS

in sums to suit at 8 per cent. In large sums on long time at 7 per cent, on improved real estate."

The farmers throughout the West seem to think wheat prospects excellent up to this writing.

It is amusing to hear a Nebraska man talk about the great advantages of that State. He begins by telling of the fertility of the soil and what a splendid 80 acres of corn he had until about the time it began to silk; then the grasshoppers came and ate every vestige of his 80 acres in one single day. I couldn't tell whether he was bragging on the corn

or the grasshoppers. Then he tells you about the wind, how it blows every day, so that clothes-lines are useless, and sometimes it will blow like a hurricane for ten days at a time. Then he tells about the great hail storms they have, the hailcoming as large as hens' eggs, and coming for hours, until there is 8 to 10 inches of hail stones on the ground. Then he tells of the "splendid" thunder storms they often have, gives a vivid description of how the lightnings play, often killing persons and whole herds of stock; how it strikes their buildings and knocks them to pieces. Then he tells of the roving banditti, and winds up by saying it is a healthy country. It makes me feel like emigrating to Nebraska at once.

I have to arrive at the conclusion that a large portion of the West is mortgaged to the East. It is said Chicago pays fifty million dollars interest annually to eastern capitalists.

From what I can learn Indianapolis is as bad off as any Western city. Speculative excitement has run even higher here than in Chicago, and property reached fabulous prices. So when the reaction came, it carried hundreds who supposed themselves to be really wealthy down to actual want. It is believed by some that if their creditors should close in on them, that not one business house in ten in the city of Indianapolis could keep open doors a week. Yet there seems to be a general feeling that bottom has been reached, and a feeling of hopefulness is generally manifest; in fact, they claim there is already a considerable "picking up" of business.

Chicago will soon have a splendid reputation for murderers. Greenfield missed it that he did not apply for a change of venue to Chicago for his second trial. Recently, a man named Sullivan was tried there for murder, and although the proof was positive, the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. The following is from the *Inter-Ocean* in reference to it, the reading of which is enough to make one feel proud that he ever lived in the "Garden City":

We have received the following communication relative to a couple of jurors in the Sullivan case. The letter is from a trustworthy source, and from one in a position to know whereof he speaks. If the facts revealed therein do not stamp the court and officers who summoned that jury, with dishonesty, then decency has departed and knavery has usurped the place of even-handed justice:

CHICAGO, March 13, 1877.
To the Editor of *The Inter-Ocean*.

I discovered yesterday that one of the late Sullivan-McAllister jurors is a loafer, swindler, and pimp, whose notoriety in the section of the city which he infests is too nasty to convey in words.

His wife and four children, deserted by him, and the latter dependent upon her for support, are witnesses against him.

During the first Sullivan trial this person was a prisoner in the County Jail, where he had been three months incarcerated for robbing a poor woman of ten dollars.

A score of men and women in the neighborhood of his haunts have been victimized by his tricks out of various sums of money. These unfortunates don't marvel at the verdict.

Another juror was foreman of sidewalk and street repairs during Sullivan's service with the Board of Public Works, and had daily communication with him. These sickening facts are ugly suggestions of the composition of the jury that has brought this shame upon us. With such juries what else can we expect than just such hideous abortions as, in this memorable case of *The People vs. McAllister & Sullivan*, have shocked and bewildered all decent people!

Anecdote of Washington.

It has often been remarked of Washington that no one was ever in his presence without being strongly impressed by reverence for his dignity. But it seems by the following anecdote that at least there was one exception:

"When the President was procuring the ground for the city which was to be seat of government, he had but little difficulty in obtaining the necessary releases, except in one instance. Mr. James Byrnes was the owner of a lot or tract which it was advisable should be included in the plan. The General had various conferences with Mr. B., who was very obstinate, and resisted all the reasoning and persuasions of the great man. Indignant at being thus opposed, Washington turned upon him with indignation, and said with great severity, 'Mr. James Byrnes, what would your land have been worth if I had not placed this city on the Potomac?' Byrnes was undismayed, and coolly turned to him and said, 'George Washington, what would you have been worth if you had not married the Widow Curtis?'"

A year ago Bradford, Pa., had a small town and a few scattering farm houses. Now it has 3,500 inhabitants, and hundreds of strangers are turned away from the hotels every night. Petroleum has wrought the miracle. The oil belt seems to be about two miles, and wells have been sunk in the ravine of the Tunungwant creek. Land within 25 miles of the town in every direction is held at a fictitious valuation, and the oil excitement has extended into Cattaraugus and Alleghany counties, N. Y. One Mudgett, of Salamanca, several years ago sold a McLean county farmer a cabinet organ, and took in payment 60 acres of wild land, which he sold for \$2 an acre. Oil has been found on it, and it is worth \$1,000 an acre. Householders in Bradford and other towns lease their dooryards and gardens for \$500 bonus and a quarter of the oil. Loafers who used to sit in the tavern, beg tobacco, and borrow half a dollar, now go to the oil exchange and draw a princely royalty.

Beautiful lives have grown up from the darkest places, as pure as white lilies, full of fragrance, have blossomed on slimy, stagnant waters.

A furrier, lamenting in an advertisement the tricks played on the public by the unprincipled men in his own trade, "earnestly requests ladies to bring him their own skins and have them made into muffs."

An Alabama editor, in puffing a grocery kept by a woman, says, "her tomatoes are as red as her own cheeks, her indigo is as blue as her own eyes, and her pepper as hot as her own temper."

The Iowa girls report a remarkable increase in the number of proposals since the blue glass lamp shade came in.

The sympathy of one weaker than ourselves, the sympathy even of a little child, will aid the most resolute.

Facts and Fancies.

An amendment to the constitution—A wooden leg.

Why is the dog-star so called? Because it is a sky barrier.

What nation produces the most marriages? Fascination.

The largest piece of porcelain in the world—the great wall of China.

All other griefs are at least respectful; love sorrows alone are only ludicrous.

"Sam, why am I do bog do most intelligent folks in the world?" "Because they know everything."

"Say, Jack, can you tell us what's the best thing to hold two pieces of rope together?" "I guess knot."

An aged negro woman is a pupil in a Boston infant school. She says, "I'm going to learn arithmetic afore I die."

If Socrates had known as much as Gen. Pleasanton, he might have given Xanthippe a blue glass powder.

There is no error but it has in it some lines of truth. This is why it is so unsuccessful.

Farmers, Please read the following:

Warranty.

The OLIVER CHILLED PLOW is warranted to do good work, scour in any soil, run lighter than any plow in use, run steady with one, two or three horses, be easily handled and adjusted, not choke, not corrode, work well in hard, dry ground, and give good satisfaction. After a two days' trial in the field, if it fails to prove equal to this warranty, notice must be sent to the dealer selling it, and a day's time given him to make it work to the purchaser's satisfaction, failing in which the plow can then be returned. If used longer than two full days without any complaint, it will be considered sold.

We shall live up to the above in every instance.

B. S. STONE & Co., Agents.

PARISH.

At our town meeting, the returning board declared the whole republican ticket elected, except Poor Master, Highway Commissioner and one Constable. We congratulate and admire the wisdom of old Mexico in electing an intelligent, unpurchasable farmer for Supervisor. We have present need of all our Samplings to overthrow our political Philistines. The example of the farmers of Mexico is well worthy of imitation by other towns.

Parish, March 10, 1877.

The Oswego Palladium, in speaking of Greenfield's defence by Judge Huntington, says: "We venture to say that in the criminal records of the State, few if any cases can be shown where such a powerful defense was ever made in the midst of such terribly daunting surroundings. The summing up by Judge Huntington was pronounced by the bar and intelligent laymen present on the occasion of the delivery, to have been one of the most powerful arguments ever presented in such a case in Oswego County. In this speech, of over six hours in length, the Judge without so much as a note to refresh his memory, or a word of prompting from his associates, reviewed the case from beginning to end, during which his force never faltered—his fervid eloquence never flagged—he held court, jury, and audience, spell-bound. It places Judge Huntington in the front rank of criminal lawyers in the State."

Here and There.

—It is said that Cayenne pepper will keep the pantry and storeroom free from cockroaches and ants.

—We are indebted to Mr. F. Waugh, of Denver, for a copy of the Daily Rocky Mountain News.

—The donation visit at Rev. J. H. McGahey's was a very pleasant affair, and a goodly sum was realized.

—William Marrs is president and William Cochrane the secretary of the St. George's Society of Oswego.

—Several sites are being talked of for our new Town Hall. But nothing definite has been done in the matter.

—Among the jolliest cordwainers that we know, are those in S. L. Alexander's store. Their merriment reaches even our sanctum.

—We learn that Mr. S. Morehouse is about to open a meat market in his store opposite the Empire House. Job Sherman is to have charge of it.

—We have been very glad to see Franklin Griffith upon our streets several times of late. Also to notice Miss Fennie Becker out riding on Tuesday.

—T. G. Brown has had a very attractive and handsome sign placed upon his hardware store. It was painted by L. Miller's workmen, Carpenter & Consene.

—We regret that J. A. Slawson and family are to leave us about April 1st. But what we lose Mexico will gain some excellent citizens.—Parish Mirror.

—Rev. Mr. Jones, an evangelist, who has traveled with Moody and Sankey, and who has been laboring in Sandy Creek and Orwell, has commenced a series of revival meetings at the First M. E. church, Oswego.

—We are pained to hear of the death of Jas. Hamilton, (formerly of this place), which occurred in Ashland Co., Ohio. He was a son of Richard Hamilton, of this town, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him.

—It is stated that the road bed of the New York Midland will be greatly improved next summer, and many thousands of the old ties which have become rotten, replaced by new ones. The ties will also be overhauled and strengthened.

—Mr. Baldwin, one of the Superintendents of the Poor, and Mr. D. B. Hunt were thrown from the County House cutter Monday evening. It was at first thought that Mr. Baldwin was seriously injured, but fortunately neither of them was much hurt.

—If the young lady of this village who a short time since visited some friends a few miles from town, and who feels aggrieved because her visit was not duly recorded in the Independent, will call at this office we will make an apology therefor, and try to do better hereafter.

—Friday afternoon, a horse belonging to Mr. Geo. Mosher, of Parish, broke loose from under the Mexico Hotel shed, and came tearing down Main street. When in front of Brown's hardware store the cutter struck a telegraph pole, and the horse was thereby freed from it. The horse was uninjured, but the cutter was badly smashed.

MEXICO MARKETS.

RETAIL PRICES OF GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED:
Flour, (retail) Spr'g \$3.00, red \$3.25, white, \$3.75
Meal, ½ cwt, (retail) 1.25
Shorts, ½ ton, 2.22
Shipments, ½ ton, 2.24
Middlings, ½ ton, 2.26
Corn, 40 @ 45
Oats, 40 @ 45

PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCTS:
Butter, 15 @ 23
Loose Butter, 15 @ 23
Cheese, 9 @ 13
Lard, 12
Eggs, ½ doz, 13
Beef, ½ lb, 65 @ 14
Beef, ½ cwt, \$4 @ \$5
Mutton, ½ cwt, \$3 @ \$9
Pork, ½ barrel, retail, \$13
Pork, ½ cwt, \$6 @ \$7
Apples, (dried), ½ lb, 04
Ham, ½ lb, 11
Dressed Poultry, ½ lb, 8 @ 10
Potatoes, ½ bush, 80 @ 80
Beef Hides, per lb, 6 @ 7

"Not Debilitating, as the Mercurial Remedies are, but Strengthening Instead."

This is the testimony of the veteran editor of the Fredonia Censor, after a satisfactory trial of Dr. Fenners' Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic. It is so uncommon thing to meet a man with a cadaverous face, thin, gaunt, complaining; having no appetite, breath too offensive to endure, heavily furred tongue, unable to rest well nights, barely keeping around, and hardly able to keep soul and body together. He is always a scold in medicine, and generally everything else except one. There is one thing he believes in, and that is, that it is interesting to all who come within his reach to be bored with a lengthy and particular recital of all his ailments, which recital usually concludes with an emphatic statement of his disbelief in all remedies that are recommended for his relief, none of which he has tried, at least, not in any thorough business way. Is it not a relief to turn from such a spectacle to a consistent, sensible man, who does not affect so much "smartness," but is willing to acknowledge the truth. Here is what he says:

From Hon. Willard McKinstry, the veteran editor of the Fredonia Censor.
Dr. M. Fenners, Fredonia, N. Y.—Dear Sir—I have been using your Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic during the past few weeks and desire to say that I like it. I find it admirably adapted to the purposes for which you recommend it. It is an excellent remedy for the biliousness usually incident to the change from winter to spring, sufficiently physicking and yet not debilitating as the mercurial remedies are, but strengthening, instead.

Truly yours,
W. MCKINSTRY.

Sold by F. L. Huntington, Druggist, Mexico, N. Y.

Meaning You.

Spring is a transition time. It is a season of half lights and strangely blended good and evil, beauty and deformity. The wasting snows linger among the up-lifted grass blades, while the cold breath of departed December blows chill across the balmy airs of approaching Summer. The months of March, April and May are the three successive arches of the bridge that connects the season of ice and sleet with that of leaves and roses. No less in respect of health than of outward natural phenomena is this true. Therefore Spring is a trying season for invalids, and particularly for those who either suffer, or are liable to suffer from Biliousness, Kidney complaints and Constipation of the bowels, and for women who are chronically subject to any of the long catalogue of physical ailments to which their delicate sex is heir. Indications of disease in Spring should be heeded at once. A fatal attack may result from neglect or a disordered condition of the bowels. The ounce of prevention may be had where tons of cure—or attempted cure—may be unavailing. Are you vexed and troubled in Spring with indigestion, torpid or disordered Liver, want of appetite, constipation of the bowels, or a feverish state of the skin? If so, take without an hour's unnecessary delay Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. No medicine is so harmless and yet so quick and positive in its action. It is Nature's own idea, condensed and made tangible by human skill. Do not leave home when going upon a journey without a bottle of it in your valise. You cannot possibly put one dollar in any other shape where it can render you so essential service. The Favorite Remedy is almost INSTANTANEOUS in its action, but does not tear you to pieces with its violence nor nauseate you with disgust. It frees the Liver from bile and sets the machinery of your body into normal and healthy operation. Remember the name: Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Ask your druggist for it and take nothing else. Price One Dollar a bottle. 204w

ELECTRICITY, THOMAS' EXCELLENT ELECTRIC OIL. WORTH TEN TIMES ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD—PAIN CANNOT STAY WHERE IT IS USED—It is the cheapest medicine ever made. One dose cures common sore throat. One bottle has cured Bronchitis. Fifty cents' worth has cured old standing cough. It positively cures catarrh, asthma and croup. Fifty cents' worth has cured crick in the back, and the same quantity lame back of eight years' standing. It cures swelled neck, tumors, rheumatism, neuralgia, contraction of the muscles, stiff joints, spinal difficulties, and pain and soreness in any part, no matter where it may be, or from what cause it may arise, it always does you good. Twenty-five cents' worth has cured bad cases of chronic and bloody dysentery. One tea-spoonful cures colic in 15 minutes. It will cure any case of piles that it is possible to cure. Six or eight applications is warranted to cure any case of excoriated nipples or inflamed breast. For bruises, if applied often and kept bound up, there is never the slightest discoloration to the skin. It stops the pain of a burn as soon as applied. Cures frosted feet, boils, warts and corns, and wounds of every description on man or beast.

ISAAC B. HARBURCK, of Skeneateles, N. Y., writes: "I have been troubled with Bronchitis for years and your 'Electric Oil' is the only medicine that would ever take effect; one dollar's worth of it has entirely cured me. I have used it for several other afflictions, and have found it to have the best results." Sold by all medicine dealers. Price, 25 cents, 50 cents, and \$1.00.

Prepared only by FOSTER, MILBURN & Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Successors to S. N. THOMAS, Phelps, N. Y.

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Religious services are occasionally held at the County House, conducted by Rev. S. P. Gray and members of his church.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal

FOR 1877.

The acknowledged Organ of Literature for the Deaf and Dumb; has the

Widest Circulation and the Best Staff of Correspondents

of any paper of the kind in the entire universe. It is non-political in sentiment, high-toned in moral characteristics; a champion of the truth; a defender of the helpless, and contains MORE INTERESTING NEWS AND READING MATTER relating to the Deaf-mutes than any other paper published.

In the past, so in the future, the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL will be conducted in the interests of the DEAF-MUTES. Its columns will be interspersed with

CHOICE ARTICLES of reading material suitable to the wants of our class of people. Domestic news paragraphs will be abundant and foreign topics freely supplied.

THE ITEMIZER. This popular column of personals, will have special and continued attention. We count much on the aid of our friends and readers to keep it supplied with fresh, interesting and new paragraphs.

Our motto, as heretofore, will be to give subscribers choice

FULL MONEY'S WORTH of choice reading, and we shall endeavor to the utmost of our ability to furnish a paper that shall make all who invest money in the enterprise feel satisfied that they have made a

Good Bargain.

OUR ASSISTANT EDITORS, all of whom are so well and favorably known for their literary abilities, will be retained, and the JOURNAL will be conducted on a better plan than ever. Our Correspondents and Contributors, regular, special and occasional, embracing writers of moral articles, and spicy productions will supply our readers with interesting reading matter suited to the tastes of the grave and sedate, and spice that will be relished by the gay and young.

We shall fill weekly as many columns of space during the year as we can in our Paper with

Reading Expressly Designed For the benefit of the

Deaf and Dumb, consisting of editorials, current news, interesting stories, information respecting the Institution for Deaf-mutes, the workings of Deaf-mute Societies and Clubs, deaths, marriages and births, news items, and all that go to make up a paper of the most improved and progressive style. The remaining columns of our Paper will contain reading matter well worthy of perusal. The past history of THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is a

SUFFICIENT GUARANTY That our Paper for 1877 will merit the friendship and generous patronage of the deaf and dumb public.

TERMS: Our Paper, notwithstanding the Unusually Low Price

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Fine Machine Oils. Paints, Oils, Perfumery and FLAVORING EXTRACTS.

Trusses & Supporters of the most approved Styles.

A complete stock of BOOKS and Stationery.

The Best Wines and Liquors, For Medicinal uses only.

My experience enables me to select the first quality of goods, and purchasers can rely upon getting what they ask for.

E. L. HUNTINGTON, Mexico, May 10, 1875

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Circular Mantles,

In same Materials, \$8.00, \$10.00, \$12.00, \$14.00, \$17.00, \$20.00, up to \$40.00.

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In Matelasse and other Elegant Materials, and every variety of Trimming, from

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In Plain and Fur Beaver, at \$5.50, \$6.50, \$7.50, \$8.50, \$9.00, \$10.00, \$12.00, \$14.00, and \$16.00.

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Or LEWIS MILLER, Mexico, June 26, 1876.

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